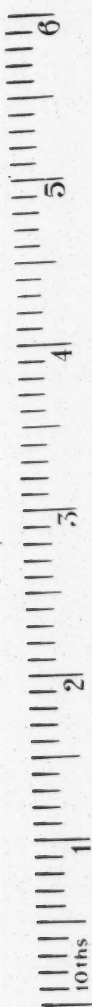
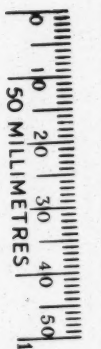


The remors of conscience.

There were many other demonstrations
by our goodly and noble persons such y^e the
mors of conscience to the regarded
the bountie of our lord.





The remorse of conscience.

There begynneth certayne demonstracions
by our lord to all synfull persones with y^e Re
moers of maner conscience to the regarded
the bounte of our lord.



SION COLLEGE
LIBRARY.



Q. 5. f. 415. 8

A. 13. 10

L. 1.

Our gracyous god moost in magnyfyce
 His mercyfull eyen casteth fro heue on hy
 Seynge his creatures in deedly byolece
 Hymselfe complayneth by pyte full ruthfully
 Saynge o man deuoyde of intellygence
 Open thyn eeres vnto my call and cry
 And tell me yf I haue done to the offence
 That thou forsakest my wyllyngly
 Wan suche a loue to the I dyde take
 This worlde in seuen dayes whan I it wrought
 Thou was the laste thyng that I dyde make
 Bycause I wolde thou wanted nought
 What thyng the myght helpe dyde not lake
 That at thy nede yf it were sought
 Forleyste the all thyng for thy sake
 For thy comforte all was forth brought
 More ouer I gaue the that dygnyte
 All beestes to bowe the vntyll
 I made the also lyke vnto me
 And gaue the connyng and free wyl
 Me to serue that thou shouldest
 To chouse the good and leue the yll
 I aske nothyng agayne of the
 But loue thy souerayne as it is skyll
 But vnto this takest thou none entente
 Thou tournest fro me full vnkynndly
 On loues vylefull thy loue is lente
 Thy herte beholdeth not heuen so hye
 For all the goodes I haue the sente
 The lysteth not ones to save gramercye
 In tyme to come or thou repente
 Wan make amendes or that thou dye
 Remors of consy. A.ii.

Homo.

A crysten soule conceyued in synne
Receyued in conscience thus complaynge
He fell downe flatte with deefull dynne
And sayd lord mercy souerayne kyng
I moost vnkynde wretche of man kynne
I knowe I am thy traytour vntreue in my ly
This wycked lyfe that I lyue in (vynge
I may it nought hyde frome thy knowynge
I want wordes and also wytte
Of thy kyndnesse to speke a cause
That I haue thou gaue me it
Of thy goodnes withouten cause
Though I haue greued the and do yet
Thy benefaytes thou nought withdraue
I haue deserued to haue hell pytte
So haue I lyued ayenst thy lawse
But lord thou knowest mannes feblenesse
How frayle it is and hath ben aye
For thought the soule haue thy lykenesse
Man is but fulsome erthe and clayne
In synne conceyued and wretchednesse
And to the soule rebell alwaye
Fyrst a man groweth as dooth gresse
And he wasteth after as floures or haye
Synth man is than so frayle a thyng
And thy power so grete in kynde
This worlde is but a twynkelynge
Thou mayst destroye the myght of the fende
With thy ryght lord mercy mynge
And to my soze sake thou sende
Soze me repenteth of my myspynge
Mercy lord I wyl amende

Deus.

Man yf thou amendes wylte make
Gyue thyn almesse of thyn owne goodes
And le thou werkes no man to wrake
To venge ony other mennys modes
If thou vntruly from ony take
And therewith fynde forty theyr fodys
Suche sacrefyce I forlake
They be to me as soure as worme mode
The pooze people thou doo oppresse
With slepyghtes and wyles many one
Thou makest chyryches and do syng messe
Thou mendest wayes where men ouer gone
And some men curse and some men blesse
Whiche shall I here of these two
If thou wylte haue grace as I gesse
Let all falynes be fledde the fro
The mothes that thy clothes etc
And thou lettest pooze men go bare
Thy drynke sourcth and mouleth thy mete
Wherwith the pooze man myght well fare
The rust that thy syluer dooth frete
Thy goodes that euill gotten are
They crye on the vengeaunce grete
The for to spyll but yet I spare
With hodest here ayenst the ryght
Frome thy seruauntes vpon the crye
Man oftentymes thou hast me hygh
Thou wolde amende and leue foly
Thou spekest full fayre bothe daye & nyght
Thou byrkest my comaundementes cōrynually
yet is me lothe with the to fyght
But make amendes or that thou dye

Homo.

Sweete lord I may not agaynst saye
I haue not holden that I the hyght
I greue the gretely every daye
I do not as I had the plyght
In wolde do well but welawaye
With enemyes I am euer beset
Whan my soule fayne wolde the paye
My flesshe is fyrst that wyll me let
And euer the sader that I it fede
Euer the fresher it is my foo
yet here it aboute I must nede
Full feble it is it wyll me floo
The worlde the sende the flesshe they bede
Some with well and some with woo
What may I do with a wycked wede
To fyght ayenst thre enemyes soo
Whan I enforce me other whyles
And thynke I wyll yue a true lye
And forsake all batayles and gyles
The worlde byddeth me batayle belyue
And but I wyll vse wretches and wyles
The comyn voyce is I shall not tryue
Some me scorneth and at me smyles
And counte me but a kynde caytyue
But now I thynke withstondynge this
To forsake falsnes withouten ende
And restore that I toke amys
And paye my dettes fayre and hende
And to reparde eche man his
As reason is than wyll I spende
And gyue myn almeste there nede is
O Mercy Ihesu I wyll amende

Deus

Man I haue sente the kyndly syght
And vnderstandynge skyll and wytte
To rule thy selfe by reason ryght
As reherseth holy wytte
That clerely sheweth the godly lyght
How thou sholde deedly synne forsake
And on that maner thou please me myght
What apleth the thus fro me to shake
Woordes rycheesse ryall repayre
In welth and thynges of folyte
Fyshes/beestes/and byrdes of the ayre
These thynketh me semely for to se
That thynges þy peryssheth & dooth appayre
Unto thy syght thus pleasynge be
Well mayst thou wytte I am full fayre
Of whome eche thyng hath this beaute
But man as thou wytlese were
Thou lokest aye downwarde as a beest
It behoueth the of me to here
Foule spekyng is to the a feest
I comforte the I make the here
And thou in wardly louest me leest
I call the to me yere by yere
Thou wylte not come at my request
As fro thy foo thou fro me feles
I folowe the fast and on the crye
Thou wrappeth the with all vanptes
And thynke my speche to the but folpe
And a thyng that nought is þy wytlese
My Joye that lasteth endleslye
Man yet byce leue and vertue chese
And make amendes oꝛ that thou dye

Homo.

Sydete Ihesu none answere I can
But of thy mercy with herte stable
Alas for wood why is a man
Worse than a beast vnreasonable
All beestes sythen the worlde began
In kyndely werkynge ben durable
Saue onely I of wyll wan
That do full many dedes dampnable
I was made to knowe my maker
And to loue hym ouer all thyng
And I a sleper and neuer waker
To take kynde knowynge of my kyng
To tryfles haue I ben a grete hede taker
A songe of sorowe maye I synge
For had I ben of synne a forsaker
Of cryste sholde I haue had some knowynge
My ghoolstly eyen ben full of duste
Cursed couetyse hat, blynded me
They ben blodeshorten wif, they luste
That heuonly kyng may I forsake
But lord though I haue ben vniuste
Thorough helpe of thy benygnyte
I hope to rube awaye the ruste
With repentaunce and grace of the
And where that I haue afore this
My wyll in worlde thyng haue spende
From hens forwarde my purpose is
Thy lawe to lerne to my lyues ende
Thy .x. commaundementes truly I wys
Them to kepe I wyll me mende bende
And there as I haue done amys
Mercy Ihesu I wyll amende

Deus.

Man yf thou wylte my mercy gete
Through my passyon of moost vertue
Why ceasest thou not me for to bete
Eche daye on the crosse doost me newe
With deedly synne on moze we at mete
As tourmentours to me vntrue
And namely with thy othes grete
To swere thou wylte no thyng elschew
Polymme of me nor thou derest
Why sayest thou euill ayenst good
By my soule ofte tyme thou swerest
By my body and by my blode
With thy tonge thou me all to terest
Whan thou arte wrothe and almoost wo
Whan with thyn unkyndnes thou me derest
More than they rente me on the rode
Thou hast moze pyte of thy too
If it be hurte and a lytell blede
And all that euer that I dyde doo
I suffred it for thy mydede
Whan thou arte taught that thou sholde do
Oswerynge but whan it were nede
Thou scornest them that sayeth so
Thou takest to my byddynge no hede
Loude lisynges on me thou makest
Sometyme to wyne an halfe peny
Whan to wptnesse thou me takest
And yet forswerest the wylfully
Byenge and sellynge thou not forsakest
But bayne and fals to swere me by
Whan thou doost thus thy bale thou takest
Whan make amendes of that thou dye
Remors of consey. B.ii.

Homo.

Sweete Iesu how sholde I agayne saye
But that I am a captyfe and more curse
That dooth on the curse euery daye
With grete othes and werkes worste
And moche more the greueth than thay
On caluary that flewe fyrste
For had they knowen the for god beray
To do the to deth they had not durste
But I knowe after my byleue
That thou arte god omny potent
And I seace not the to greue
Well worthy I am to be shente
How mayst thou lord suffre to meue
Of the traytours that the tourment
Peruayle it is I do not myscheue
Or am not kpylled/drownet/or brent
The erthe opened and swallowed quycke
Sathan and abyron for theyr synne
And as I wene they were neuer so wycke
As moost certyfeull mankyne
As deedly synne men dye now thycke
By lease full grete now dooth begynne
Yet in my synne I stande and stycke
Cupll custome is full harde to blynn
I wolde be wanton and do euyll
But I wolde none me reprechende
But let me lyue after my wyll
This was lesfull somtyme I wende
But now I se that it is skyll
Suche lyght lord thou haste me sende
But I leue synne it wyll me spyll
O very lord I wyll amende

Deus.

When do penaunce whyle thou may
Leest to deynly I take benegaunce
Bydd I the not daye by daye
For cause I wolde thou dyde penaunce
When I am more redy alwaye
To forgyue thy mys gouernaunce
When þ of all thy frendes haste made assaye
Thou shalte fynde none lyke to me
Thou wylte amende ofte tymes thou sayest
Agayne amendes no man may le
Do true penaunce and I am payed
From endles payne to make the fre
For thy loue my lyfe I layed
What frende sholde haue done so for the
With sorowfull herte thy synne thou shryue
And make amendes to thy enemy
If thou thus leue thy wycked lyue
I wyl be therof gladde truly
Thynke oftentimes of lothes wyne
And tourne not to thy synne agayne
Let no dyspayre downe the dysue
Thynke on Peter and Magdalayne
When wyte awaye thy wyckednesse
And kepe my byddynge by and by
And thou shalte haue in my paleste
Worshyp withouten bylany
No pouerte but all rychenesse
Helth/strength/ & wylsome truly
Thou shalte be full of all swetenesse
And than to lyue and neuer more dye

Homo.

Graunt mercy Ihesu croppe and rote
Of all frendshipp for in none sayles
Open... I wyll not mote
But as ofte as me euill ayles
I wyll fall downe flatte to thy fote
To helpe me in ghosstly batayles
Now wote I where I shall me hyde
Whan I am styred to ony synne
In the grete wounde of thy ryght syde
And be hertely hydde therein
As in a toure there may I abyde
For ought ye synde can me ymagyn
For all this worlde that is so wyde
Therin is souerayne medecyn
There may no wanhope make me care
That haue of they aungelles so good
To kepe me that I not myffare
And thy moder myddent of mode
Lorde shende vs thy woundes then
And than of mercy we may not myffe
And than to helpe crysten men
Now Ihesu lorde thou vs wyffe
That we with the may byde to blyffe
In Ioye and blyffe withouten ende
That to thy people ordeyned is
That leue synne and them amende

A M C A

